



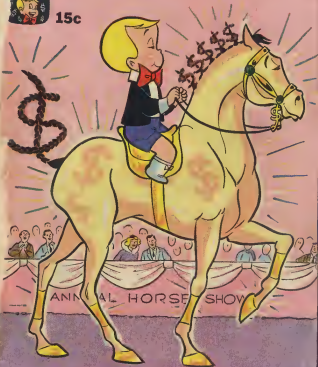
SEPT. No. 85



15c

Richie Rich

THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY



2000 2001 2002 2003 2004 2005 2006 2007 2008 2009 2010 2011 2012 2013 2014 2015 2016 2017 2018 2019 2020

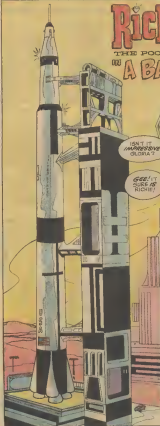
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Richie Rich

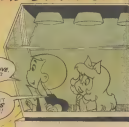
THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

A BAD BLAST-OFF!



ISN'T IT
IMPRESSIVE,
GLORIA?

YES!
IT'S
SURE AS
RICHIE!



HI, DAD! I BROUGHT
GLORIA ALONG TO
WATCH BLAST-OFF,
OKAY?

SURE,
SON!

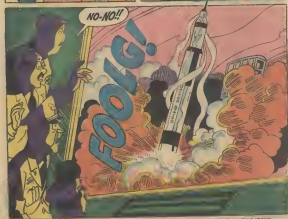


MR. RICH, SOMETHING'S
GONE WRONG!

WHAT?







Little Lotta



Little Lotta

I'LL TAKE THE JOB!

WANTED-CRATE-GIRL
\$2 AN HOUR

THAT'S A JOB FOR A BIG STRONG MAN!



BUT I CAN'T PAY A LITTLE GIRL MORE THAN ONE DOLLAR AN HOUR!
WELL, I NEED THE MONEY...



WHYER, I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU WANT...

YOU'RE NOT BEING PAID TO ASK QUESTIONS-
PILF THOSE CRATES...

I'VE GOT 'EM ALL STACKED!

YOU WORKED JUST A HALF-HOUR-
SO YOU GET 50 CENTS!





Richie Rich

THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

THE DARKER SIDE OF NOWHERE

YEP! GUY! GUY!
GET ON THE ROAD
TO OUR NOTHING
COUNTRY
POVERTY!

YEP, MY
CAPTAIN!
AT ONCE!



HERE IS THE PLANET ORG-
COMPOSED OF 50-50-50
GOLDYD! WILL CLAW
IT IN DENIAL OF
POVERTY!

NOT-
OHN!



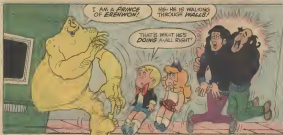
-BUT FIRST-KNOW BUTTON
DO I POOR TO GET
THERE?

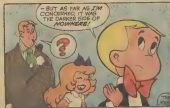
YOU MEAN YOU
DON'T KNOW HOW
TO GUARANTEE
THIS THING?!





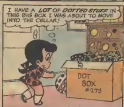


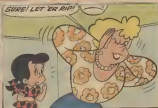




Little DOT MEETS Aunt LUCY











RICHIE RICH in THE ROBOT QUARTERBACK



"Wait till you hear what I got, Richie!" yelled Reggie Van Dough as he hurt into the Rich mansion panting with excitement.

"The measles?" asked Richie Rich with a grin.

"You won't think it's so funny when you hear!" retorted the other, his grin turning to an angry frown. "I've got a great new quarterback for our school team. In fact, he's the greatest!"

"Better than Chuck Thibault?" demanded Richie, alert with interest now because, as manager of Bonnie Dell Junior High's fine football team, he was partly responsible for getting the best players.

"Ten times as good!" Reggie claimed.

"And he goes to our school?"

"Marty Mekano—that's his name—plans to enroll next week."

"But our biggest game of the year is this coming Saturday, with Flotsam Junior High. They're going to be hard to beat—and this is for the State Championship!"

Reggie shrugged. "Then we'll have him enter the school tomorrow morning."

"Reggie," exclaimed Richie joyfully. "This is great! When can I meet him?"

"You can't. That is, not before game-

time Saturday!"

Suddenly suspicious, Richie said, "Reggie, are you up to one of your tricks?"

Reggie looked innocent and puzzled. "Tricks? I don't know what you mean..."

"I mean, are you sure the Mekano isn't a pro who just happens to look very young or something like that? And do you have some kind of a bet on Saturday's game?"

"Well, I did bet Roger Cashleigh, who goes to Flotsam, that we'd beat him, or I'd be his valet for a month," Reggie admitted. "But Mekano is no pro or anything like that."

"Then why can't I meet him?"

"Because he was brought up on Lower Patagonia and doesn't speak a word of English..."

Reggie added that he had to teach Mekano football through an interpreter, and if Richie wanted to see him work out, he could come over to the school field now.

Richie did go over to the field with Reggie and he sat in the grandstand. Reggie trotted over to the bench and spoke briefly to a boy who, Richie thought, strongly resembled Chuck Thibault, the regular quarterback, from behind. But that was where the resemblance ended.

Mekano joined the first team at the quarterback position. The center snapped the ball back to him. He threw an eighty yard pass downfield—an amazingly high heave. Then he weaved through the scrub team, racing downfield with great speed.

CASPER, THE FRIENDLY GHOST





"Now I've seen everything!" gasped Richie. "He's going to catch his own pass! That's exactly what Mekano did—over the goal line."

Reggie looked back from the bench where he sat, and grinned. "How about that?"

Richie called back, "He's on the team!"

But something bothered Richie, and as Reggie joined Mekano when the latter ran off the field to the dressing room, Richie left the stands to join them. As he opened the door of the dressing room, Richie saw Mekano without a uniform on, and he was flabbergasted. Marty Mekano was being examined by a man in coveralls, who was using an oil can on him.

"That big phony Reggie!" Richie said almost aloud. "Mekano is a robot!"

So astonished was Richie that he just turned around and walked home, mumbling to himself as he went. But by the time he got there, Richie had an idea. He phoned a sculptor who lived in town and explained what he wanted. "...I'll pay you \$500 for it,"

Mr. Carver!" he said.

When gametime on Saturday rolled around, Richie found Reggie frantically struggling with the door of the locker assigned to Marty Mekano. "Who locked it?" he howled. "I can't get his uniform!"

Richie's eyes twinkled. "Why don't you look out on the field?" he asked, heading out of the locker room, Reggie tagging after him.

"How'd he get into his uniform?" demanded Reggie suspiciously.

"Don't Patagonians know how to dress themselves?" Richie asked, laughing. By the time they'd reached the bench, Number 77—Mekano's number—was in the middle of a scrimmage. Reggie breathed a sigh of relief.

Number 77's playing was just great. Though there were no eighty-yard passes thrown and caught by the star quarterback, he played a fantastic game, and Bonnie Dell beat Flotsam easily, 49-to-7.

Reggie greeted Mekano as the latter ran up at the game's end. But Reggie was in for a shock: Mekano ripped off the rubber mask artist Carver made from the real Mekano's face. It was Chuck Thibault, the regular quarterback. Reggie was enraged.

"Wise guy, Richie! You knew my Mekano is a robot. You found him in his locker! Well, I still win my bet from Roger Cashleigh. He's got to be my valet!"

"Be a good sport, Reggie," advised Richie. "Forget that bet. It would look bad if anyone found out about Mekano!"

SAD SACK



Little Lotta

THE CAT BURGLAR



